The other to enioy by rage and Warre.
Theſe ſignes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrimen are gone and fled,
As well aſſured *Richard* their King is dead.
Sal. Ah *Richard*! with eies of heauie mind,
I ſee thy glorie like a ſhooting ſtarre,
Fall to the baſe earth from the firmament,
Thy ſunne ſets, weeping in the lowly Weſt,
Witneſſing ſtormes to come, woe and vnreſt:
Thy friends are fled to waite vpon thy foes,
And croſſely to thy good all fortune goes.

Enter the Duke of Herford, Yorke, Northumberland, Buſhie and Greene Priſoners.

Bul. Bring foorth theſe men.
Buſhie and *Greene*, I will not vexe your ſoules
Since preſently your ſoules muſt part your bodies,
With two much vrging your pernicious liues,
For t'were no charitie; yet to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold ſome cauſes of your death,
You haue miſ-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you vnhappied and disfigured cleane,
You haue in manner with your ſinfull howres,
Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the profeſſion of a Royall bed,
And ſtaind the beautie of a fayre Queenes cheekes,
With teares drawne from her eies with your foule wrongs,
My ſelfe a Prince by fortune of my birth,
Neeere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
Till they did make him miſ-interpret me,
Haue ſtoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,
And ſigh'd my Engliſh breath in forren clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment,
While you haue fedde vpon my ſeigniories,
Diſparkt my Parkes, and feld my forreſt woods,
From mine owne windowes torne my houſhold coate,
Rac't out my impreſſe, leauing me no ſigne,

Saue

Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
To ſhew the world I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemns you to the death: ſee them deliuered ouer
To execution and the hand of death.
Buſh. More welcome is the ſtroke of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to *England*: Lords farewell.
Greene. My comfort is, that heauen will take our ſoules,
And plague iniuſtice with the paines of hell.
Bull. My Lord *Northumberland*, ſee them diſpatcht:
Vnckle, you ſay, the Queene is at your houſe,
For Gods ſake fairelie let her be entreated,
Tell her, I ſend to her my kind commends;
Take ſpeciall care my greetings be deliuered.
Yorke. A Gentleman of mine I haue diſpatcht
With letters of your loue to her at large.
Bull. Thanks (gentle Vnckle:) come Lords, away,
To fight with *Glendor* and his complices,
A while to worke, and after holiday. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Aumerle, Carlile, &c.

King. Barkloughly Caſtle call you this at hand?
Au. Yea my Lord; how brook's your Grace the ayre
After your late toſſing on the breaking Seas?
King. Needs muſt I like it well, I weepe for ioy,
To ſtand vpon my kingdome once againe
Deare earth, I doe ſalute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels mound thee with their Horſes hoofes:
As a long parted mother with her Child,
Plaies fondlie with her teares, and ſmiles in meeting:
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee my earth,
And doe thee fauour with my royall hands,
Feede not thy Soueraignes foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy ſweets comfort his rauenous ſence,
But let thy Spiders, that ſucke vp thy venome,
And heauie gated Toads lie in their way,
Dooing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with vſurping ſteps do trample thee:

Yeelds